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[A.G. Renshaw?]

A handwritten note in dark ink, slanted upwards from left to right, enclosed in square brackets. The text inside the brackets is "A.G. Renshaw?".

W. J. Ogle
from his friend
A. C. R.



[A.G. KENSHAW?]

W. J. Oyle
from his friend
A. G. R.


POEMS.



P O E M S.

BY

A. G. R.



LONDON :

PRINTED AT THE CHISWICK PRESS.

1892.

LOAN STACK

PR5219
R8A17
1892

Inscribed

TO

JOHN YOUNG SARGENT, ESQ., M.A.,

**FELLOW OF HERTFORD COLLEGE,
OXFORD.**

January, 1892.

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THE LONELY SHORE.

A LONELY shore, beside a summer sea,
Here heron haunt and curlew fearless feed,
And rare lights fill the welkin and the lea,
And nought doth fret the soul, and all is peace indeed.

The long-horned poppy and sea-lavender,
And all the adventurous blossoms of the shore,
The hoar sea-holly, thrift and mallow, here
Ungathered, bloom and die—alternate—evermore.

All day the shore regards the varied skies,
All night it welcomes moon or stars or drift,
It sees the slant sun sink and greets its rise,
While surge of winds and sea, strange melodies uplift.—

As one in peaceful days who dreams of war,
We view a mainmast rotting on the sands,
Or shattered figure-head that years before
Led across distant seas and gazed on stranger lands.

Or, as we sit, we watch each wandering sail
That fills and flags before the fitful wind,
Now glancing white, and now in azure, pale,
Like thoughts that flash and leave the contemplative
mind.

And sea-birds seek the shore, with eager eye,
To sweep the sands or scan the tide-swept rocks ;
From inland, towards the marshes, mallards fly,
And round the rustling reeds the starlings wheel in
flocks.

So sweet a place to wander,—when the tide
Throbs on the beach, and all the ocean's calm
Heaves gently shoreward, and the horizon wide
Fills with the rhythm of some distant chaunted psalm.

So sweet a place to rest—what time the soul,
Wearied of all there is of toil and strife,
Seeks here for solace by the refluxing roll
Of seas, that edge once more the appetite for life.

THE LONELY SHORE.

3

So sweet a place to die—when die we must,
Under sea-skies and by the shelving strand,
Where salt and sand and scarf dead things encrust,
And the sea-voices range to mix with those of land.

YAVERLAND.

YAVERLAND—Yaverland, old home beside the sea,
Many a happy memory thou bringest back to me,
When summer days before me lay, and all was fresh
and free.

Yaverland—Yaverland, old house so grey and still,
Gazing in peace upon thy view of stream and down
and mill,
And cottages that nestle in the trees below the hill.

Yaverland—Yaverland, old hall the dwelling-place
Of laughter-loving children, in race succeeding race,
Like to the restless tides of sea that pass and leave no
trace.

Yaverland—Yaverland, green lanes where I did ride
With one I wooed and one I wed, my bonny island
bride—
My love that was, and aye will be, whatever else betide.

YAVERLAND.

5

Yaverland—Yaverland—the church that stood so nigh,
Grey Norman door and chancel arch we hold so
lovingly,
For there it was we joined our hands for life, my love
and I.

The sun is sinking down to rest, the shadows gain,
The hills grow dusk—the sea gleams white and fails
the last bird's strain—
Good-bye, good-bye, to Yaverland,—old home and
church and lane.

MUROLS.

REARED on base of rock volcanic,
Streaming with a force titanic
When the height of Tartaret

Like a hell did burn ;—
Well they wrought who toiled to set
Bastion, wall, and parapet,
Donjon, keep, and oubliette—
Fortress in Auvergne !

Raised erstwhile to guard the weaker
From the banded plunder-seeker,
Wasting all the sunny plain,

Robbers, stark and stern ;
Who for feud or sport or gain
Laid in waste the fields of grain,
Burnt the cottage and the fane—
Fortress in Auvergne !

Then again, by baron guarded,
To court favourite awarded,
The might of thy impassive walls
 Against the peasant turn.
Border-wars and nobles' brawls,
Women's shrieks and prisoners' calls
From the torture that appals—
 Fortress in Auvergne !

Passions rage and lust is boiling
Fierce as once around thee coiling
The lava's deadly tide ;
 Till the people learn
All their strength, then freedom cried,
And thy walls with murder dyed
Totter, and so falls thy pride—
 Fortress in Auvergne !

Now the lava glows with flowers,
And beneath thy ruined towers
The peasants live, nor yield
 As vassals what they earn.

Upon the dark Phlegrean field
Their harmless scythes the mowers wield,
And nought but kine thy walls do shield—
Fortress in Auvergne !

Keep, o'er foeman's storm prevailing,
Now the tender ivy's scaling,
And where warrior crests did nod
Wave living plumes of fern ;
Where the warder watched and trod,
Bloom eyebright, thyme, and golden-rod :
Thou hast a tale to tell to God—
Murols in Auvergne !

THE NAMELESS RIVER.

In the far-off western prairie
I walked in an idle hour,
In the gladness of the sunshine
And the glory of its power.

All my senses felt the beauty
Of that untrammelled space,
The sweet air blew around me
In God's own breathing-place.

Our camp lay far behind me,
And brown and gold before,—
The brown of the boundless prairie,
The gold of a flowering floor.

I came to a spot, low lying,
Where trees of cotton-wood,
As an islet in mid-ocean
In silent splendour stood.

THE NAMELESS RIVER.

While through the leaves came glancing,
As lights of silver gleam,
With music and with laughter,
A broad and flowing stream.

And down its banks I wandered,
The river and I in tune,—
The river and I companions,
All the sweet afternoon.

Till river shrank to streamlet,
Till streamlet sank below,
Till its voice died into silence,
And its waters ceased to flow.

It had drifted into silence,
And never a name it bore,
River that rose from fountain,
To greet some sounding shore.

It was lost in the thirsting prairie
Or ever it found the sea,
The stretching sands engulfed it,
Companion lost to me :

THE NAMELESS RIVER.

11

River that should have gladdened
Some fertile vale, and then
Swept on to the stately cities,
Among the haunts of men.

Borne to the sea the cargoes,
Tossed and raced with the gale,
Curled into peaceful harbours,
Rocked on its breast the sail.

And now, as I grieve in London
For loss of a child-life fled,
The course of that nameless river
Seems the life of my loved one, dead.

TO VENUS.

THE sun has not set, since on me dawned thy beauty,
And—tempted by eyes where love lurked like a
dream,—

Forgetting old ties and all careless of duty,
I wandered with thee by a Devonshire stream.

'Twas the season of Spring and all Nature was loving,
The bloom of the gorse was as gold on the hill,
From sweetness to sweetness the wild bees were
roving,
And music of waters swam down from the mill.

'Mid the gold and the sweetness and music I found
thee,
As the Goddess of Nature enthroned among flowers,
And I knelt down with them as they worshipped
around thee,
With the bees made the most of the fugitive hours.

And just as Ulysses, in old Homer's story,
At once knew the goddess that drew to his place,
I felt what you were as you stood there before me,
And knew you divine by the light on your face.

Should we e'er meet again as we range under heaven,
My prayer and desire shall only be this,
To greet thee once more in that valley of Devon—
Where we met with a smile ; which we left with a
kiss.

MONT ST. MICHEL.

THE sands stretch far around the crown'd height
To where grey skies are curtain to grey sea,
And all the welkin glistens with the light
That makes of heaven and earth one harmony.

There is no sound of breaker on the shore,
Nor cry of sea-bird on the dead flat waste,
It seems a place of silence evermore,
Where men may come to wander—not to haste.
Where the town-wearied spirit finds its rest
In contemplation of the dreamful space,—
Filling the whole horizon to the west,—
And all the memories of the storied place.

But now the tide flows in, and with one wave
The sand is sea, and all about the isle
The stretching waters circle, stream, and lave,
While down the slopes from the embattled pile
The sweet May-blossoms of the fruit-trees smile ;

THE FERRY-BOAT.

HE came to the brink and he came to the ferry
And fast and far rode he,
Oh! the lips of the maiden were red as a cherry,—
Ferry-boat tied to the tree!

Sharp, sharp ring the links as he aids their undoing,
Lover-like upon knee,
And sweet is the kissing when short is the wooing,
Every one will agree!

Across the swift stream so demurely they paddle,
Better row two than three,
And there's none in the boat now there's two in the
saddle,—
Ferry-boat drifts to the sea!

DID THIS MAN SIN OR HIS FATHER ?

BRED midst the baneful surroundings of crime,
The thief's and the murderer's kin ;
Monstrous product sprung from the time
When society's laws begin.
Shapeless of body, stunted of mind,
Filthy without and within,
Hater and hated of human kind,
Did he or his father sin ?

Prisoner, fronting there in the dock,
Judge, with immaculate air :
Nurtured and born of pedigreed stock,
The contrast is great,—is it fair ?
Give him of the blood that courses your veins,
Give him such uprearing as you,
Would he know the force of law that restrains,
Or would he be criminal too ?

DID THIS MAN SIN OR HIS FATHER? 17

Give you of the kindly and delicate home,
The school that clad conscience and brain,
The checks that prohibit wild nature to roam,
The seed that ensureth the grain ;—
Would you then be ripe for murder and theft,
For deeds that the desperate do,
Would life be for you of all honour bereft,
Or would you be virtuous too?

Homes of the sad ones—the world's refugees,
Hospitals echoing pain,
Prisons, that teem with society's leers,
Grey walls that enclose the insane.—
I ask for them all, for the inmates of these,
Why they such sad guerdons should win,
Do they live out their lives themselves to please
Did they or their fathers sin?

LIFE'S LAUNCH.

IN an upper chamber, a cry—
A plaintive voice, in a wail
Of wonderment under a sky,
Ashy and storm-cast and pale.

The first feeble cry of a soul
Afloat on the waves of life,
Prime start for the ultimate goal,
Labour or pleasure or strife !

Limbs rounded and rosy and bare,
Two eyes of yet inchoate hue,
Two hands that grasp feebly in air,—
The world is the richer by you.

You welcome your life with a cry,
To leave it perchance with a smile,
To be born is as hard as to die,
And the last is the weariest mile.

LIFE'S LAUNCH.

19

**Little link in the fretful chain
That the fleeting years renew,
Inherited marvel of brain,
Mother is praying for you !**

DREAMS.

WHAT are you doing there in the dark?

Golden head, golden head !

Dreaming, dreaming,—

Of the novel you have read,

Of what he or she has said,

Of the day when you will wed—

Dreaming.

Is your fancy tinged with sorrow?

Golden head, golden head !

Dreaming, dreaming,—

Golden heads weave thoughts of gold,

Maiden fancies oft are bold,

Thoughts are sad as we wax old—

Dreaming.

Dusk hath deepened into darkness,

Golden head, golden head !

Dreaming, dreaming,—
I can only see that now
Your dear hand is on your brow,
And that you are anyhow—
Dreaming.

Dreams tell nought of wilful husbands,
Golden head, golden head !
Dreaming, dreaming,—
Wilful daughters, wilful boys,
All the care that peace destroys,
Ah ! we only think of joys—
Dreaming.

Happiness lies most in prospect,
Golden head, golden head !
Dreaming, dreaming,—
Each his own experience makes,
Each his own life's pathway takes,
Finds the pleasure, feels the aches—
Dreaming.

Joy comes to a joyous nature,
Golden head, golden head !

DREAMS.

Dreaming, dreaming.—
But, I tell you what, instead,
It is time that this was said,
“ Kiss your sire and hie to bed ”—
Dreaming !

DISILLUSION.

THE elms were decked with jewels
And silver, every spray,
The woods, in bridal splendour,
Were waiting for the day.

Festoon and wreath and garland
On creeper, bush, and tree,
The road—a silver pathway,
The grass—a silver sea.

The sun came forth in glory,
It shone for all the day,
Till fields and woods of silver
Were twigs, dead leaves, and clay.

THE SEASONS.

Oh ! what so happy as our May,
Unless it were our glad July,
Or that entranced September day,
When golden glory filled the sky.

He loved so much the seasons all,
For each of them brought joy to him,
I floated on the happy tide
That filled his nature to the brim.

But now all seasons are so sad,
The spring recalls his first sweet way,
The summer speaks of ripened love,
And autumn of our marriage day.

Yet, saddest of the seasons four,
Are the grey winter days to me,
Winter that took my love from earth,
And left me only memory.

And thus, as on a tuneful harp,
Where one may strike each varied string
To notes of glee or notes of woe,
The old glad seasons sorrow bring.

THE OLD PACKWAY.

Lost in the highways, scarred on the hills,
Or shut from the cheerful day,
By thick of the thorns near the foot of the downs,
Is the track of the old packway.

Worn stones mark the way where through the marsh
It winds in sinuous course,
To the traveller's joy that o'erhangs the spot
Where the brook leaps from its source.

But rarely a traveller heeds the path
Through depths that are hollowed in sand,
Where roses and briony twine and keep
The ancient way through the land.

That over the hills and down the vales,
By holt and heath and hazel shaw,
Winds here and there till it finds at last
A silted haven, a silent shore.

Yet merrily here once rang in air
The jingle of pack-horse bells,
As, laden with wool or corn or wine,
The train came toiling up the dells.

And the packmen laughed as they cracked their
whips

At the turn of some jocund song,
Or dark-stoled monks would climb the hill,
Or a gentle abbess ride along.

Or a gleam of steel and a tramp of horse
Would tell of men-at-arms,
Who, bronzed and mailed and grim for war,
Flashed through the quiet farms.

Now they halt by the brook, and the weary steeds
(Ah ! steeds they weary still !)
With loads unloosed and prone on grass,
Roll over and drink their fill.

And noon of the day is as mid of the night,
For rest and quiet and sleep,
Till "onwards" the cry, and in single file
The travellers climb the steep.

Now the world wags on with its great highways,
And racing and rush of steam,
And none doth heed the old packway,
Whose life hath passed like a dream.

Men speed to the east and fly to the west,
And they hasten from town to town ;
But silent art thou, and nought is left
Save a furrow upon a down.

Five hundred years was thy life or more,
Tens of thousands the feet that trod—
Now thy place is hardly known to men,
They who paced thee but known to God.

THE KINDLY HEART.

DEAR, who hast been to me so long
The music of a troubled life,
Turning its jarring notes to song,
And wringing harmony from strife.
Troubles may vex again, again,
The kindly heart will still remain.

Those tresses that now glance with brown,
May turn with changeful years to grey,
Thy voice may tremble, and adown
Thy cheek and forehead, wrinkles play.
The years may make thy beauty wane,
The kindly heart will still remain.

Those eyes that shine with light and love,
May some day dimmer grow and fail,
The limbs which now so lightly move
May falter, and thy step grow frail.

THE KINDLY HEART.

Time may work this, and more, in vain ;
The kindly heart will still remain.

The chequered years may bring distress,
With loss and trial, trouble, woe,
We shall not love each other less,
And this is all I care to know.
Though years may bring us sorrow, pain,
The kindly heart will still remain.

Oh ! sad to see thy beauty fade,
And sad to see thee vexed with care,
But who of mortals is not made
To age and grief the fleeting heir ?
Let these thy gentle nature drain,
The kindly heart will still remain.

Mortal we are, and mortal must
Submit to change and time's decree,
But ah ! when all of mortals' dust
One memory will survive and be
The kindly heart ; the kindly heart,
Endures as the immortal part.

AUTUMN.

THERE is a calm about these autumn days
Unknown of other seasons, and it finds
Reflection in the soul. The cattle graze
In an abundant pasture ; the lustrous leaves
Float gently down to earth ; the redbreast sings
Notes of contentment ; all the woodlands breathe
Of mellow ripeness, and the fruit is stored.
The toil and doubts of spring are done with now ;
The burden of the summer is forgot ;
Far distant still seems winter's chilly breath,
And all the land is lapt in mist and dreams.

So with the fall of life, when hopes are past
And struggles all forgotten—comes a time
When warmth of summer days not wholly fails,
Nor frosts of winter chill ; when old desires
Are pleasing recollections, and when love
No longer doubts or wanders ; all our steps,

Beat the broad path of ripe experience
Onward and onward with so firm a tread
And gradual,—the while life's afterglow
Illumines the strait way before our feet,—
That none can say at this time or at that,
“This is the last,—behold, eternal Night!”

THE CHILDLESS COUNTESS.

Alas God ! why live I childless in the land
My good lord won and holds with his own hand,—
My right good lord, who says no word to me,
But such as falls of love and courtesy.
Nor do those lips of stern and strong restraint,
Utter to me, his barren wife, complaint ;
Yet my heart fails me, for these ten long years
Of hopes receding, of increasing fears,
I am not as my lord would have me be,
I bear no babe to dance upon his knee,
To dandle with his sword, to catch the kiss
Through his brown beard ; nor may I know the bliss
Of infant lips that drain a mother's breast,
The lullaby that soothes a child to rest,
The little limbs that speak for tenderness,
The soft, sweet eyes that plead for love's caress,
The innocent, dear prattle that betrays

So early the full growth of manhood's days,
 And all th' endearing and unnumbered ways
 Of childhood. Now my halls are silent, and
 The days are long and listless. Shamed, I stand
 In my own house. Oh! shall I never see,
 As faring home, a little face of glee
 Shine at the casement, and two tiny hands
 Wave me a welcome, when across the sands
 My lord and I ride to the castle gate?
 Bitter my lot and hard to bear my fate.
 Have I not prayed to Sarai's God and mine?
 Sent forth rich gifts to many a distant shrine,
 Vowing strong vows to Heaven, nor did shrink
 From the wild custom which our Bretons think
 Will quicken into life pre-natal gloom,
 And fill with growing hope the barren womb.
 I stole at dead of night, when owls do stir,
 Across the moor, and at the grey menhir
 Pressed my bared bosom to the mystic stone.
 That my lord knows not, nor was ever known.—
 I would walk barefoot to the market-place
 To wash the feet of lepers, I could face
 E'en death itself, yes, death in childbirth bear,
 To give my lord and the good land an heir.

The people love us well, my lord and me,—
But they must talk, and oft I seem to see
The shrug that speaks of pity, and the word,
More eloquent because it is not heard,
That moves their lips, "Would that she bore a son,
To hold the land our noble count hath won!"
The peasant wife who lifts her child on high
To see our gallant train as we ride by,
Feels in her heart she is more blest than I;—
Bless me, as her, O God, before I die!

ALL OR NONE.

YES, you say that you love me, I know with a smile,
That you think that you do, I feel sure,
But is it a love that will fail in a while,
Or is it a love to endure?

There are frettings and frowns in these lives that are
ours,
There's misfortune and trouble and care,
They that bask in the sunshine may hide in the
shower,
Is yours foul-weather love or but fair?

I am rich now and strong, and the world rolls with
ease
To those who its favours have won,
But suppose that the waters of gladness should freeze,
Would the fountain of love cease to run?

“ For better, for worse,” for a lifetime, for years
Perhaps of sorrow, of sickness, of loss,
As you love me in smiles, will you love me in tears,
Will you love me in worry and cross?

Then search well your heart, ere the day is too late,
And thereafter, with eyes straight and true,—
If you vow you will love me whatever my fate,
I will swear a like vow unto you.

THE CANARY ISLES.

To the Fortunate Islands—abodes of the blest,
Where the breakers roll in from the far-streaming west,
To frame the fair isles with their foam and their fret,
As stones of the jacinth in silver are set.

As the Pleiads of heaven in azureous sheen,
As the coronet points in the crown of a queen,
As the petals of damask that clothe the wild rose,
In silence and sweetness those islands repose.

There the palm and the plantain stand green in the
sun,
Through forests of heather the sea-breezes run,
Down the beetling "barranco" droop fern-leaf and
vine,
And yellow and purple and red intertwine.

There the sun of the winter is England's in June,
And balmy the twilight and midnight as noon,
There the folk of the land vie with Nature to please,
With a smile on their lips like the smile on their seas.

What wonder thy first-born fought hard for their land,
What marvel old mariners yearned for thy strand,
Or that fable should guard with its dragons the trees
Whose fruit was the gold of the Hesperides.

Let the gay Riviera woo crowds to its arms,
Let the cities of Italy boast of their charms,
But there's balm for the sick and there's solace for
 grief
In the islands that circle thy snows—Tenerife.

LIFE'S RECORD.

YES, the book is strong and handsome,
Its covers shine with gold,
And many are the pages
That those bright covers hold.

And some are full of writing,
And some are blank, you see,
And some of the leaves are folded,
But they are naught to me.

For one dear page is missing,
And search for it is vain,—
I would give the volume gladly
To find that page again.

I tore it out in passion—
The leaf with tears all wet—
But the page I tore in anger
Is the one I can't forget.

What to me the golden binding,
The silver clasps and rim,
When the glowing page is missing
Which linked my life to him?

Some day in heaven's azure
I may find that page above,—
For the book is my life's story,
That page—the page of love.

SUNSET.

WAS it a dream, O darling,
A dream of long ago,
That you and I were walking
On fields of rosy snow ;
That you and I were gazing
As the sun was sinking low,
And we marvelled at the wonder
Of the glorious after-glow ?

Was it a dream, O darling,
That we went side by side ;
That the mellow bells were chiming
The tale of eventide ;
That yellow light was stealing
Over the landscape wide,
That hand in hand we lingered
While the sunlight slowly died ?

Was it a dream, O darling,
That lips were on your cheek,
That hair with hair immingled,
That neither cared to speak ;
That the pulses beat in cadence
To the sun's last crimson streak,
As together we descended
Your valley home to seek ?

Was it a dream, O darling,
That as that night we slept,
All the marvel of that evening
Into our still souls crept ;
That its beauty but awakened
When the morrow's sun upleapt,
But the secret of the sunset
Was sealed and stored and kept !

SLIGHTED.

SAD mother, mourning o'er thy child estranged
He is thy darling and thou wert his pride,—
Twin souls in sympathy ! Now all is changed,
Nor longer does he in thy breast confide,
Where he for counsel came and never was denied.

Turning from thee and leaving thee so lone,
Who hast no other thought than for his weal,
He tells his joys to strangers, and doth own
The hopes or fears or sorrows he may feel
To other hearts than thine where he was wont to steal.

Thou growest old apace and all thy world
Lies in the past, save for this one deep joy,—
A double love around his heart lies curled,
The father lives alas ! but in the boy,—
Whose life and every need thy energies employ.

And thou art woman, how canst thou be hard?
Or, if thou wert, would'st thou thus gain thine end?
The growing pinion may not be debarred
From flight and thou must trust,—or apprehend
That when the wing is strong its path will homeward
tend.

Rest thou in peace and keep thy bosom warm,
The boy that wanders may as man return—
It may be caught in fell misfortune's storm—
To seek the comfort that he now doth spurn,
And in his deepest need his truest solace learn.

HUGH'S CRY.

"IN truth it seems a lonesome kind of place,"
I said to Pete, who busied with the camp ;
"And the name's strange, ' Hugh's Cry '"—but names
are strange

Down in the country of New Mexico,
Where we had wandered from the ways of men
To brace our systems with a touch of life
Like Esau's, and to breathe the mountain air.—
"Yes, sir," said Pete, "and there's a tale to tell
Of how the name was given. When your friend
Returns, and I have cooked the trout he brings,
And you have supped, I will recount the tale
Which lent this name. It is an English tale."—
So when the trout were eaten and the steaks
Of elk, and we all blanketed, and each
Smoking the pipe which, in the wilderness,
Is more than oil on priestly Aaron's beard,
For preciousness and peace, we asked our guide
To tell his tale. He threw some mesquite logs

Upon the fire, making the cañon glow,
And spoke at once.—“Some fifteen years have sped
Since I first came here ; the Apaches then
Were terrors in the land, and only he
Who held life lightly dared to journey here.
But we, a party twenty souls in all,
Led on by stories of much wondrous wealth
In mines of gold, had made our camp right here
In the cañon. Then once there came a day
When some one ranging in the wilds for meat,
Lit on a man and bore him to the camp,
And he was weak and footsore, and his eyes
Were bright with fever. Well, we took him in.
And the rough nursing of the prairie camp
Was his, and he recovered soon his strength,
Chiefly from being fed and left alone
To breathe free air—the best of medicine.
Whence he had come or what he did out here
He never told us. Rarely he spoke at all,
He seemed to have no object in his life,
Nor love for it, although a man still young ;
And he would wander out from dusk to dawn,
Or toil with us, and, being fearless, he
Was loved by us, and we were glad of him

As our companion, and I think we felt
That some great sorrow shadowed all his life.

“So the days passed, till in the fall of the year
We sent a messenger to Santa Fé,
To fetch in letters and to bring us news
What chanced in the great world outside our camp.
He went and came, and when he spread the mail,
More prized than gold, upon the glistening sand,
Each one to take his own (for in the west
We frontiersmen are known by any name
That chance or humour lends, and one may know
His fellow for twelvemonths nor ask the name
His mother gave him), there were notes addressed
From England to ‘Hugh Norreys, Santa Fé,’
And by-and-bye the stranger coming in
From hunting, took these. I then sitting near,
Observed his face, and saw the lines thereon
Deepen—a light of hope within his eyes
And wonder on his brow, yet naught he said,
But bore his letters to the dug-out where
He lived apart,—there against yon red cliff.
And all the camp was peace, for some had news
Of those they loved, and read and re-read lines,
Too scanty for the readers’ hungry hearts ;

Some shared their papers, and some others sat,
Thinking out thoughts their news had sprung in them
Till supper-time, and then to pipes and rest.
That night—a sweet and silent starlit night—
The camp was startled by a sudden cry,
Like to the wailing of a bitter blast
Concentred in one shriek. We feared Apaches then
And each man sought his arms ; but silence fell,
Nor one sound further, save the distant bark
Of coyotes. Then I and two more with me,
By instinct led or partly by the cry,
Sought out the stranger's hut, and him we found
Dead there. His hunting-knife had cleft his heart
And betwixt haft and heart, against the skin,
There showed a letter ruddy with his blood,
Which so ran through it that no one could read
The purport. Round his neck a locket hung.
By next day's noon we buried him, hard by
Yon pillared rock—the letters, locket, blade,
We buried on him. After that the camp
Broke up, and some of us have met again no more ;
But ever since this place is called ' Hugh's cry ' ! ”

A VALENTINE.

SEE, Sweet, I send you sweet
Violet flowers,
Bearing a message
Of joy that is ours !

Fragrance by nature
Set to draw love,—
Bear it, now bear it,
To her who will wear it,
As close to her heartstrings as hand fits to glove.

Plucked where the western gale
Bids thee bloom early—
Here in a Cornish vale,
In sight of sea and sail,
Waft thou my sweet a tale
Of love that will give her a colour
That will cause all thy purple to pale.

Fear not to wither
All the long journey through,
The might of the message thou bearest
To her who is dearest and fairest,
Strong affection shall fortify you.
But aye, should you droop 'ere you're thither,
Where I long all the day to be too,
The sight of my love shall restore you,
And revive all your beautiful blue.

For, the sight of my love is the sun,
The breath of my love is the breeze,
That when thy long journey is done
Will warm thee, revive and refresh thee,
To the sweetness that grew by the seas.

THE HIDDEN SPIRIT.

THERE'S a hallowed spirit hidden
Down in the depths of the heart,
Without which all is worthless,
Although it lives apart.

And things of life from all sides,
Ambition, gladness, strife,
No entrance find to the chamber
That holds this charm of life.

There come laughter and daily visits,
And pleasure and talk and work,
Yet none of these have knowledge
Where that secret spell doth lurk.

It is only when we are lonely,
Or lying awake at night,
Or when, fading into failure,
Dissolves some vision bright,

That this inmost cell is opened,
And so gently forth there steals
The sweet unfailing presence,
That the true heart conceals.

Then falls on the vexed emotions
A blissful peace and balm,
As the dews of an autumn evening
Lie on a land of calm,

Not passion nor spacious judgment
Can that sweet spirit move,
She lies with her face to Heaven,
And her holy name is Love.

THE PICTURE.

AH ! what is beauty that is past and dead?—

A meteor-streak upon the Summer sky,
A forest tree with all its glory shed,
Known only to some dying memory.

The song that quivered in the sunlit air,
The joyous mirth that overflowed the hall,
The wine that sparkled in the goblet there,
Have fled beyond the chances of recall.

Past Beauty sits hard by the fireside,
Nursing cold knees and bending scanty locks,
While high open the wall, in glorious tide
Of youth and health, the glowing portrait mocks

The grey original. Sudden, a song
Rings out, forerunner of a lightsome form ;
A dream of golden beauty floats along,
A face all lovely and a heart all warm.

This is no shadow of the flying years

 Come down to wander from a picture-frame ;

One other link in Beauty's line appears,

 As gentle accents clothe the word "Grandame."

AN ELEGY.

DEAD on the glacier—a butterfly !
On what ungenial death-bed dost thou lie,
Who once wert wont, amidst the fragrant flowers,
To sip of nectar all the golden hours ;
Or with thy kind to sport on wavering wing,
In windless dells and brambled nooks, where cling
Thy favourites—the thistle, scabious, rose,
With all the sweets an Alpine valley knows.
What chance constrained thy death-rewarded flight ?
What fancy made thee tempt the glacial height
To find such end ? Didst thou so boldly seek
Some fairer flower in yonder shining peak ?
Or didst thou, yielding to the Zephyr's breath,
Accept his escort to this realm of Death ?
Or, was it wonder or adventure led
Thee to this waste, where now thou liest, dead ?
Thy fate is that of love which soars too high,
And finds the bosom where it fain would lie

A desert glacial ; or, of a mind
That leaves warm vales of Faith and Truth behind,
And, striving upward, winds grim paths about,
Till lost, at last, upon the Ice of Doubt.

THE "SILENT SORROW."

WHEN the nights are long and listless,
When the shadows rise and fall,
With the forms of grisly phantoms,
Holding counsel on the wall—
Then, ere stars to fail begin,
The "silent sorrow" enters in.

When the skies are dark, and slowly
Fails the leaf and falls the rain,
When the wind, with fitful moaning,
Surges on the casement pane—
With a shudder, like a sin,
The "silent sorrow" enters in.

When we sit by dying embers,
And the house is still and cold,
Solitary, chill, unfriended,
Looking back to days of old,
When the lost was yet to win,
The "silent sorrow" enters in.

As its advent, its departing,
Whence it comes or whither goes,
Who amongst us may conjecture?
Only this the poet knows—
That his spirit feels akin
To the sorrow entering in.

JEALOUSY.

HE loves me, but I would that he should die ;
I love him, but I would that he were dead,
And that he, silent, evermore should lie,
Where the soft earth enfolds his clustering head.

Yes ! die before another's arms entwine
His strong, white neck ; die, ere his heartstrings throb
On other bosoms, and those firm lips pine
For kisses and the soul's enraptured sob,

Not mine ! I could not bear to lie alone,
Torn by fierce Jealousy's envenomed fang,
But I could sit beside his sculptured stone,
Nursing sad Memory's keen but gentler pang.

Dead, ere he wearied of my burning love,
And those dear eyes had turned to one more dear ;
Oh ! better he should rest in Heaven above,
Than leave me in such Hell as that I fear !

JEALOUSY.

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I may not love him as his darling should,

I may not in his arms so happy lie ;

I may not live the life of love I would,

And therefore pray I God that he may die.

REGRET.

OUT stept he into the dark night, and under starlit
skies,
Went down the path and through the wood, where
echo faint replies,
And, as the silence falls again, awakens in her heart
The thought, " My darling, would we met, ay, never
more to part.

" Yes, never more to look and long, and see thee
turn away—
To see thee fade into the night—but hold thee, day
by day,
My own—none other's—you and me, without another
claim,
To love thee—void of all reproach, and careless all of
blame.

" And every day should bring a joy, and every task
be dear,
With you to help and guide my steps, with you beside
to cheer.

With you to lean on, what could care, or what mis-
fortune bring?—

With you to write the songs to me which I to you
should sing.

“ And every night to lie and sleep embalmed in thy
embrace,

And every morning wake and feel thy kiss upon my
face,

That were true life and happiness such as I dreamed
of old,

In days when heaven was always blue and earth was
all of gold.

“ Ah ! then I ran and raced as free, as colts upon the
mead,

Or sat and read some tale of old, of love and knightly
deed ;

And often in my dreams I saw a face I never knew,
Until you met me, and I gazed, and felt that it was
you

“ Whom I had pictured in my dreams—those dreams
of long ago.

All vividly it flashed on me, and set my face aglow ;

And you—you stood and looked on me with grave
and earnest eyes,
As men do on a form they meet and strive to
recognize.

“Love! why did you not come before? Ah! why
did you not speed
Some message to my soul to tell that you would come
indeed?
I could have waited for you, dear, with all my heart
afame—
Too late—at last, at last you come—too late your own
to claim!”

THE CITY TREE.

'MIDST cheerless offices its branches wave,
Its roots are circled round forgotten dead,
And here, beside a dark and voiceless grave,
A solitary plane-tree rears its head.

The murmurs of the City fill the air,
Tall roofs shut out the casual sun's slant ray ;
Nor other growth derives subsistence there,
Save for one plant of tall angelica,

Which every Spring lifts up its budding head,
And greets that lone tree's uncomplaining leaves,
'Midst which the bustling sparrows woo and wed,
Chirping unharmonized recitatives.

Some day perchance the hand of gain will buy
This spot, and rear a warehouse ugliness,
Where grows that solitary tree, and I
Shall, in this City, know one friend the less.

LOVE.

How softly falls the love of some on earth !
'Tis like the gentle Hesperus, which dawns
In quiet heavens ere the sun is down—
And none regard it till its still beam breaks
The twilight, and men say, "The evening star ;"
Or, like the gentle river of the plains,
That moves upon its smooth and tranquil course,
With scarce a ripple on its placid face,
Knowing full well that it will join the sea.
With others, love is like the sun itself,
Burning its own hot heart ; or, like the fall
Of mountain cataract that foams and leaps,
Bears with no obstacle, nor *will* be stayed
Until it reach the goal of its desire.

THE SCAPEGRACE.

ALWAYS the first in the frolic,
Always the first in the fun,
Little one loved of the village,
Shaking bare curls in the sun,
Ever the first in the danger,
Ever the last to run.

Foe to the terrible farmer,
Henroost and orchard and all,
Thine by the good right of conquest,
Thine for the scaling a wall ;
Never a moment thou fearest
Watchdog or horsewhip or fall.

Leader in all that is daring,
Champion strong of the weak,
Naught for arithmetic caring,
Nothing for Latin and Greek ;

Only this one lesson learning,
Ever the truth to speak.

Birched by thy pedagogue master
For breaking all order and rule,
Taking the cuts without flinching,
Possibly exiled from school ;
Yet doth thy tutor revile thee
Neither as dunce nor as fool.

Only respecting thy mother,
Darling art thou of her heart !
True always thou to her bidding,
She ever taking thy part,
Breaking thy faults to thy father,
Soothing thy sorrow and smart.

When thou art man, thou'lt be spurning
Counter or workshop or plough,
Over the wide ocean faring,
Soldier or sailor now ;
Or, in antipodal islands,
Muscular colonist thou !

Thine is the blood that made England

Lowering flag to none,

Winning her great possessions

By valour with sword and gun,

Scapegrace vexing but winsome,

Shaking bare curls in the sun !

BLIGHTED.

THE oak may brave the tempest,
And the ash may love the breeze,
But I knew an humble flower
That nestled 'neath the trees ;
And the bitter east wind smote it,
And each fibre shrank and sighed,
And its little tendrils—blasted—
Shrivelled up—and so it died.

I knew a heart that, living, yearned
For love and sympathy,
As full of rich young promise
As the flower 'neath the tree ;
But a chilling speech once struck it,
And where it looked for sun,
Came scoffing and derision—
And its gentle life was done.

ROWING HOME.

THE air is faint with scent of flowers,

Row ! oh, row !

Too fleetly glide the golden hours,

Row ! oh, row !

White lilies float on each dark pool,

Row ! oh, row !

Cling to keel like a water-ghoul,

Row ! oh, row !

Swirl and eddy, current and stream,

Row ! oh, row !

Dance and glitter, and glance and gleam,

Row ! oh, row !

Loose strife and meadow-sweet nod their heads,

Row ! oh, row !

'Mong grasses green and lush reed-beds,

Row ! oh, row !

Hark ! to moan of the distant weir,

Row ! oh, row !

ROWING HOME.

When did love know aught of fear?

Row! oh, row!

River returning evening's blushes,

Row! oh, row!

Startled mallards cleave the rushes,

Row! oh, row!

Pleiads above begin to glow,

Row! oh, row!

Seeking for Naiads down below,

Row! oh, row!

Lights gleam over a breadth of lawn,

Easy all!

Listen! a step more light than fawn,

Easy all!

Our keel grates on the pebbled shore,

'Ship the oars!'

You've rowed as men never rowed before;—

My darling is in my arms once more;

'Make her fast!'

WOUNDED.

WHEN the strong stag is wounded to the death
To thickest covert he, in silence, hies ;
There, prostrate, slowly yields his labouring breath,
Nor seeking pity,—solitary,—dies.

When man is struck—strong man—with mortal ill
Or with a wounded spirit's sharper pain,
Leaving his world of life to work at will,
He seeks the side of woman once again.

And she, although he may have left her, cold—
Or slighted—in the hard world's fretful roar—
If she be woman true, doth him enfold,
Unquestioned, in the arms of love once more,

Soothing the sorrow, bringing peace and rest,
By gentle ways to minister relief,
With that sweet sympathy which is the best
Of anodynes to pain or deadly grief.

'Tis then he feels, as nestling to the side
Of her he trusts in, that there stands above
Earth's honours or successes that betide,
The priceless blessing of a woman's love.

“AUDAX ET PROMPTUS.”

“AUDAX ET PROMPTUS,” so the legend ran
Upon a tomb at Pisa, which stands there
In the Campo Santo. As we paced the aisles,
Ever that motto hung upon my brain ;
Recalling, 'mid old palaces and fanes,
A life of action—and, to me, there thronged
Once more the press of foemen at the gate ;
Once more that leader, with his plume and sword—
Once more the cry of battle, fierce and strong,
Rose like a wind and stirred the blood of men
With war's wild rapture. Then again there fell
The silence of the place, and his ; a cypress threw
Long shadows on forgotten dead, and tombs
Of heroes all unheeded, and the cry
From that stone seemèd also Vanity.

DRIFTING.

ALONE on the ocean, cold and wan,
And the red sun sinks amain,
Drifting, drifting, they know not where,
A strong-limbed man, a woman fair,
'Mid hail and sleet and rain.

The sails are shreds, the rudder's split,
Full fierce had sped the gale ;
A shattered hull, a shivered mast,
And ever the black of night falls fast,
As the red of heaven doth fail.

Two on the wet and tumbled deck—
These two, and not one more—
Nor ever a blessed sail in sight,
Nor ray from headland beacon bright
Nor line of shelving shore.

How to these twain shall the morning break
 On that cold and cruel sea ?
 Will it dawn for them? Will rescue hail
 The helpless hulk that floats so frail,
 And heaves so wearily ?

Shall the sun rise fair, and the ship lie safe
 Astrand to-morrow morn ?
 Or rib of its side, or beam or spar
 Shattered on savage rocks afar,
 Be relic sole at dawn ?

Yet never a voice or sound of speech,
 Only the touch of hands,
 Between those two, as side by side,
 Or blown by wind, or swirled by tide,
 Or bilging over sands.

They sit and gaze with steadfast eyes,
 Nor mourn their hapless state,
 Hungered and wet and bruised and cold,
 Their heads are high, their hearts are bold,
 "Equal to either fate."

No sign of fear on his lustrous brow,
No quail in her gentle eyes ;
For death, for life, their souls are one,
Where'er they drift their port is won,
For it—is Paradise.

VACATION.

IT is over now—was it a dream then?
That short relief of the mind
From the work and the worry and labour,
We left here in London behind?

For grimy the town looks and gloomy,
And heavy the air to the breath,
And the faces of people who pass one
Are pale with the pallor of death.

How ruddy the skin grew with colour
Of health, in the wind and the sun!
How the muscles swelled strongly and largely,
In scaling the mountains we won!

Ah me! and the day that we came on
The shore of that sunny and blue
Little lake by the hill with the castle,
When we rushed to the margin and threw

All our limbs in the depths with such freedom,
And shouted aloud for the joy
Of the water, the sun, and the pastime,
Each man with the mirth of a boy !

And after—the walk down the mountains
Till they sloped into verdure and plain,
And Italy spread there before us,
Wealth of olives, and vineyards, and grain.

But to live is to work, and the labour
Still sweetens the bread which it brings ;
And to work is to pray, and the worker
Lightens toil with the song which he sings—

With a song of the mountain and moorland,
With a song of the air blowing free
On the river which ceaseless is flowing,
And sparkling with sunlight—to sea.

So Memory gladdens the present
By recalling the joy which is past,
And Hope makes all bright in the future,
Till we die in our harness at last.

LOST THOUGHTS.

THE acorn, in the calm of starlit skies,
Falls down to earth, and there, embedded, lies
In grass and tangle, and it fails and dies.

Or, if it finds a roothold—and its way
The strong germ forces in the stubborn clay,
And lo ! a leaflet facing glorious day !

Then do the careless sheep or grazing kine,
Without a thought, crop off, nor leave one sign
Of that strange miracle and work divine.

So with the thousand high and joyous things,
The best that vibrate on the tensest strings
Of the warm painter's heart, or his who sings,—

These come to them in moments when it seems
That now they realise their fondest dreams,
As straight into their souls the strong light streams,

And, rippling all the waters of the mind,
Make radiance ; then, awake once more, they find
The thoughts have fled, and all that's left behind

Is, here and there, some fragment of the whole,
Stunted and torn ;—the rest, the beasts have stole—
The beasts of earth, which prey upon the soul.

ACQUIESCENCE.

"WHAT said the woman?" "Well, she acquiesced."

"Ah! that's the world's phrase; but who knows the
sting,

The sacrifice of self, and more than self,
The half-stunned sense, the glimpse of weary years,
Without the love she yearns for, and the pain
That that word covers? I believe that man,
Whose happiness is action, and who seeks
Repose as aid to active happiness,
Knows nothing of the quiet martyrdom,
The silent heroism, of that woman's life
Who sets her face toward the ungrateful task,
To blunt the choicest feelings of the heart,
To baffle Nature's loudest calls to her,
To live for others' sakes, and hide beneath
A calm, pale face, a racked and aching brain.
In the eternal commonplace of life
To swamp her soul, and, finally, to die,
And bear with her, her secret to the grave."

THE LETTERS.

ONCE they were so fondly treasured,
Now their life of love is measured,

Oh ! pass them by !

Tear them, burn them, quite content,
Well you know they were not meant
For alien eye.

That is done—'tis well. Remember
Love may also end in ember,

Flames ask for food.

Ah ! you smile, and think there's plenty
Lovers to be had at twenty—

“None half so rude.”

“Nothing in them”—burn to blindness,
Only words of loving-kindness

Addressed to you ;

Not so sweet as those that younger
Mates may sing you, in love's hunger,
But not less true.

How they blaze and dance and flicker,
Be they words of bite and bicker,
Or loving ! See !
One by one the sparks are flying,
With them each a thought is dying
That came from me.

Look ! there's one so long in burning,
Like a living thing it's turning
In agony.
Are those the fiery words, I wonder,
That swept two loving hearts asunder
Eternally ?

You, who held my words so lightly,
Think it strange they burn so brightly.
'Twould be cruel
If the lines that spoke of loving
Should in burning not be proving
Good for fuel !

Perhaps some day, when you are older,
When your blood flows slow and colder,
 'Twould divert you
To re-read those lines revealing
What an old, dead love was feeling—
 Could not hurt you !

CONTRADICTION.

I DO know a maiden fair,
Sunny face and golden hair,
Eyes that swim with liquid feeling,
Not one little thought concealing,
But a smile that says "Beware!"

'Twixt mouth and eyes, 'twixt mouth and eyes,
Sure some contradiction lies—
Would that it were otherwise!

When I watch her eyes of blue,
Then I say she must be true ;
Can that mouth now twitching, twitching,
In a coil of smiles bewitching,
Utter things it will not do?

'Twixt mouth and eyes, 'twixt mouth and eyes,
Sure some contradiction lies—
Would that it were otherwise!

Once I saw her sleeping, sleeping,
Blue of eyes no longer peeping,
But the smile, the cruel smile,
Lingered there a little while,
All the truth in falsehood steeping.

'Twixt mouth and eyes, 'twixt mouth and eyes,
Sure some contradiction lies—
Would that it were otherwise !

“ Hardly false, nor certain true,
Mouth so subtle, eyes so blue,
Which am I to live believing,
Glances truthful, lips deceiving ?
Maiden, may I marry you ? ”

“ Kiss the lips and trust the eyes,”
This is what the maid replies—
How could it be otherwise ?

THE OLD GARDEN.

I WALKED in an old, old garden,
Near Windsor's forest wide ;
And the spirit of that garden
Entered my soul and sighed.

It sighed for the days departed,
With murmur and with moan ;
It sighed for the forms forgotten,
Sighed to be left alone.

It mourned for its old loved flowers,
Peonies, hollyhocks,
Larkspurs, and gay carnations,
Golden rod, monkshood, phlox ;

For years when every season
Raised floral marks of time,
From winter aconites peeping
Up through the winter rime ;

THE OLD GARDEN.

Through all the spring months' glories,
When the starred wind-flower glows,
Through the long days of midsummer,
With foxglove, and with rose ;

Till the bright "November flower"
And the autumnal store,
Died down in deepening colour,
And bloomed the hellebore.

It sighed for the work of workmen
Labouring round the Hall,
Where a modern "taste" was marring
And vulgarizing all.

And it hated the bold geranium
With its gaudy retinue,
That dispossessed the favourites
Its ampler borders knew ;

That stared in scentless silence
In stars and streaks of red,
Where, 'midst her court, the lily
Once raised her sovereign head.

Large were the minds which planned it,
Terraces, ha-ha, all—
To beds of nestling violets
Beneath the fruited wall.

And that dark grove of yew-trees
Which loftier beeches made,
A wilderness—bird-haunted,
Cool depth of song and shade.

And here a lake of lilies
Slept till the noonday heat
Opened their eyelids, and they smiled
On fringing meadow-sweet.

And there a rock-girt fountain
As Neptune plashed and played,
O'er ferns and water-plants that loved
The music that it made.

And stately were the ladies
Who, here, beneath the thorn,
Or elm or lime or cedar,
And, here, on glade and lawn,

THE OLD GARDEN.

Tended each shrub and flower,
Contrived each winding walk,
Or to the trunk or trellis
Wedded an am'rous stalk.

And here they met their lovers,
And whispered words were said,
Where bowering roses hang and kiss
The honeysuckle's head.

So I paced that ancient garden,
And each stately avenue,
And the deepness of its sorrow
My spirit shared and knew.

SHOOTING STARS.

SAY not, we pray you, in accents so solemn,
Meteors are but aërial stones,
Wandering fragments of planets expired,
Speeding through space to terrestrial zones.

This way and that way they glide through the azure,
Luminous pathways from heaven to earth ;
Footsteps of angels we always believed them,
Harbingers they of new life and of birth.

Softly they slide from the pure empyrean,
Love is their beacon, and souls are their freight ;
To mothers expectant they speed with their burdens,
To homes of the humble, to halls of the great.

Do not, Philosophers, plague us with reasons,
Vexing our minds with your " Primitive Cause ;"
Leave us the charm of our childhood's traditions,
Leave us our Poetry ; nor teach us your Laws.

RECONCILIATION.

INTO her heart there crept an evil thought,
Up to her lips there leapt an angry word,
Stiff Pride and surging Love together fought,
And ever Pride gave way, and then recurred.

Into his soul there crept desire of love,
Forth from his eyes there flashed affection's flame ;
No double feeling in his bosom strove,
Though not on him lay the estranging blame.

But neither spoke. Oh ! why should language mar
Soul silence, and some chance word lead to doubt ?
Does man need words for love's sweet avatar
When dear, dumb Nature loves so well without ?

And from her face the angry colour flew,
The fiery words sank down to hell's abyss,
As trembling lips together softly drew,
And spoke forgiveness in a rapturous kiss.

LAST THOUGHTS.

HAVE you not noticed on the winter thorn

The garrulous, grey field-fares flock to feed
On the red berries which, now frayed and torn,

Fleck the pure snow with their ensanguined seed?
And there they chatter gladly till some sound

Startles their session, and aloft they fly,
Wheeling to right and left till they have found

Another hawthorn on the hill hard by—
All, save one bird that sits on topmost bough,

Heeding the passing stranger warily ;
Then he, too, flies—and all is quiet now.

So, as it seems to me, when I lie prone,
For rest at night, thought after thought flies me,

Till one alone is left, and that, my own,
Is one long, lingering thought of love and thee.

CHANGEFUL SKIES.

“ MAIDEN, ’twas but yester morning
That you spake in bitter tone,
Words of doubting, words of scorning,
Spoke and passed, and left me lone.

“ Now, to-day, you’re sweet and tender,
As you ever used to be,
And once more blue eyes do render
Loving glances upon me.

“ Have you natures twain or dual,
One to love with, one to hate ;
One so kindly, one so cruel ;
One so little, one so great.

“ I would fain know truth from seeming,
If the heart be really kind,
Or ’twere best to end my dreaming,
And confess that ‘love is blind.’”

But she raised her hand, the maiden,
Pointed upward to the skies,
Where, without a cloud o'erladen,
Swam the sun in summer-wise.

And she said, "Perhaps you wonder,
When the skies with lightning flame,
And the heavens roll with thunder
If the sun is still the same!"

LOST AND FOUND,

THE Christmas bells are telling
Sweet Christmas news to all,
And Christmas thoughts are welling
In answer to their call.
Over the bridge and down the street
Village people meet and greet ;
Down the street and over bridge,
Joining in Christ's privilege.

Over the bridge the tower stands,
Tower reared by Christian hands ;
Pillar and arch are bright to-day
With laurel wreath and holly spray ;
Font and pulpit hardly seen
For mantling of the ivy green,
And grey walls in red and gold
Rich sentences of faith unfold.

Over the bridge and down the street
Steps a maiden passing fair ;
None would deem a form so sweet
Ever could hold a heart of care.

Three long years have passed since he
Over the wide sea sped ;
Three full years lag wearily,
And his father mourns him dead.
Never a sign through those lingering years
As they drag their length along ;
Yet ever hope outlived her fears,
For the maiden's faith was strong.

And now she kneels, and silently,
Under the arches grey,
Prays to her Heavenly Father, He
Will bring him home some day,
So earnestly she prays, she heeds
Nothing of stir nor sound,
Beseeching Heaven to help her needs,
That the lost one may be found,

All is done—the blessing given,
And the people pass away,
Happier for thoughts of Heaven
On another Christmas Day :
And, more slowly, now to go,
See, she rises from her prayer ;
Rising, turns her head, and lo !
Her lost lover standing there.

THE RIVIERA.

YES, here are orange trees and groves
Of olives, and the purple sea ;
The date-palm feathers all the coast,
The cypress, too, and agavé.
Grey castles crown the jutting capes,
The air is sweet with rosemary,
The heliotrope and rose, but where
Is the one face I long to see ?

Far, far away, where golden gorse
Makes fragrant an expanse of heath,
Where, high on elms, the blackbirds sing,
And blackthorns, on the hedges, wreath
White garlands down a sandy lane,
There, where the coltsfoot tempts the bee
With early promise of the Spring,
Is the one face I long to see.

IN THE CYCLADES.¹

I LOVE the sky, the earth, the sea,
And one dear soul beside ;
None but the elements shall be
Companions to my bride.

We'll look in one another's eyes,
Clasp hands beneath the sun ;
What need have we of other ties,
We know our hearts are one.

As twinned trees in a forest grove,
So close our lives shall be ;
And who would seek to bind a love
That would not hold if free ?

¹ " Their priest was Solitude and they were wed."

BYRON.

NORD-KAP.

BEHIND us stretched all Europe, and before
Lay the unknown—a continent of ice
And ice-girt cliffs ; a land of mystery
Beyond the pathways of the silent sea,
Now red with radiant light. The tremulous waves
Upon the rigid coast laid down sparse spoil
Of weed and wood, from the Caribbean sea
Far drifting. Upon all, the steadfast sun
Made midnight as a noon, and, from the bluff,
We saw a sun rise which did never set,
And all the splendour of its evening ways
Mingled with morning's. Down the wrinkled fronts
Of ancient cliffs the snow dissolved to tears,
And crept into the bosom of the deep.
Red lichens and dwarf blooms that woo the bees
In clusters, spread rich raiment on the rocks ;

The cry of sea-birds and the pulse of waves
Made music to the marvel of the place.
The mind broadened before a scene so vast,
So lone and desolate, and there arose,
From heart to lip, the Blessed Children's song.

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